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FRONTLINE™

A MARVEL COMICS® EVENT

CIVIL WAR™

JENKINS

BACHS

LIEBER

WEEKS

MARTINEZ

WATSON

CIVIL WAR FRONT LINE #005

70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS

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70 YEARS
MARVEL
COMICS

EMBEDDED

PART FIVE

PAUL
JENKINS
WRITER

RAMON
BACHS
PENCILER

JOHN
LUCAS
INKER

LAURA
MARTIN
COLORIST

VC'S RANDY
GENTILE
LETTERER

MOLLY LAZER &
AUBREY SITTERSON
ASSISTANT EDITORS

TOM
BREVOORT
EDITOR

JOE
QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN
BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER

THE DAILY BUGLE,
NEW YORK CITY.





I'M TELLING YOU, JONAH, IT WAS **OSBORN**! I SAW HIM WITH MY OWN TWO EYES--

OSBORN IS IN JAIL. IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE.



IT WASN'T SOMEONE *ELSE*, FOR GOD'S SAKE! I KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE--HE THREATENED TO KILL ME TOO, REMEMBER?

BEN... I KNOW YOU'RE UPSET RIGHT NOW, BUT WHAT IF JONAH'S RIGHT? WHAT IF IT WAS SOMEONE JUST **DRESSED** LIKE THE GOBLIN? SOMEONE TRYING TO SCARE YOU--



"I KNOW THOSE EYES BETTER THAN MY OWN REFLECTION, ROBBIE. THE WAY HE LOOKED AT ME...THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON IN THE WORLD WRAPPED AROUND THAT MUCH ANGER.

"NO ONE ELSE HAS THOSE EYES."



I KNOW YOU, URICH. I WATCH WHAT YOU DO. I SEE YOUR WIFE AND FRIENDS...WHO YOU LIVE WITH, WHO YOU WORK WITH. PEOPLE YOU LOVE. AND I'M GETTING TO YOU **FIRST**.

CROSSING YOU OFF MY LIST, SEE? ♪AH-HEHH♪

BECAUSE I CAN.



YOU'RE A WORM. I'M A TRACTOR. YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO STOP ME.

WHICH IS FUNNY.

AH-HEHH...



A-HA! HA! HAHAHA--



A-UHH...
...HECHH...
♪KAFF♪





I SEE
YOU, BENNY-
BOY...

HH-ECHH

I'VE GOT
NEWS FOR YOU.
D'YOU HEAR ME...?



FOR THAT
RAG OF
YOURS!

DO YOU
HEAR ME,
BENNY-
BOY?



AND?



HE MADE
A COUPLE OF
PROMISES,
JONAH.

YOUR
NAME WAS
MENTIONED.

CHINATOWN.

THE PROBLEM
WITH WAR IS
THAT IT'S
SO BIG.

AND YET THE
IDEAS BEHIND
IT ARE ALWAYS
SO SMALL.



WAR IS JUST A DIVERSION.
WE'RE SO BUSY WATCHING
UGLY PICTURES ON TV THAT
WE LOSE SIGHT OF WHAT'S
REALLY GOING ON.

THE HURT DOESN'T SEEM REAL. ALL
THOSE INJURIES SEEM FAR AWAY.
WE'RE MORE CONCERNED WITH FIXING
DINNER THAN FIXING THE PROBLEM.

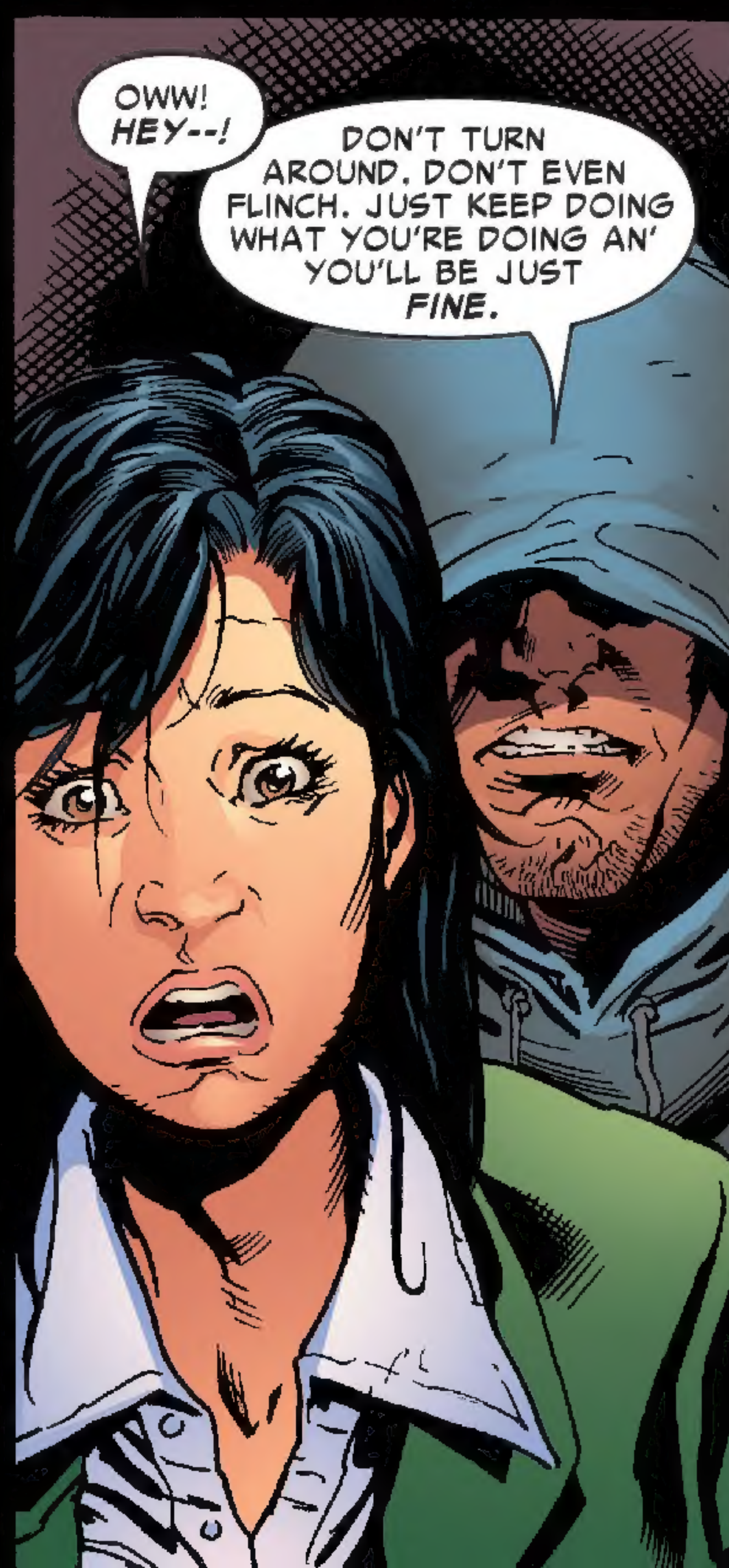
WHICH SUITS THE
WARMONGERS
JUST FINE.

BECAUSE WHILE THERE
ARE MILLIONS OF US
WATCHING...WE'RE
ALL LOOKING IN THE
WRONG DIRECTION.



OWW!
HEY--!

DON'T TURN
AROUND. DON'T EVEN
FLINCH. JUST KEEP DOING
WHAT YOU'RE DOING AN'
YOU'LL BE JUST
FINE.





THAT'D BETTER BE A GUN
IN MY BACK, PAL. WHO
MIGHT YOU BE?

NO
ONE YOU
KNOW.

FINE. SO
WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

FOR YOU
TO SHUT UP
AND LISTEN.



YOU'RE WRITING
THE WRONG STORY,
FLOYD. THAT GROUP
OF HEROES YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR IS JUST
AN URBAN LEGEND.

YOU MISHEARD
WHAT WAS SAID
AT THAT MEETING.



I KNOW WHAT I HEARD.
CAPTAIN AMERICA'S PUTTING
SOME KIND OF UNDERGROUND
GROUP TOGETHER.

THAT PERSON
DOESN'T EXIST
ANYMORE. HE HAS
A DIFFERENT LIFE.
THEY ALL DO. YOU
WON'T FIND
THEM.

BUT SOMEONE
THINKS YOU WILL.
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE
BEING FOLLOWED.
THAT'S HOW THEY
FOUND THE MEETING
YOU WENT TO.



IF THEY DON'T EXIST,
YOU'RE GOING TO AN
AWFUL LOT OF TROUBLE
TO PROTECT THEM,
BOSS--

THERE'S NO
SINISTER MOTIVE BEHIND
THE ACT, LADY. THEY'RE
JUST TRYING TO REGULATE
DISOBEDIENCE AND STOP
THE NUT-JOBS FROM KILLING
INNOCENT CIVILIANS. BUT
THEY'RE SCREWING IT UP.



YOU DON'T HAVE THE FIRST CLUE WHAT'S GOING
ON. YOU'RE SO FAR FROM THE TRUTH YOU NEED
A COMPASS AN' TAXI FARE.

SO WHAT
IS GOING
ON?

WHY DON'T
YOU LOOK UP
AN' FIND OUT FOR
YOURSELF?





THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME... SO WHAT?

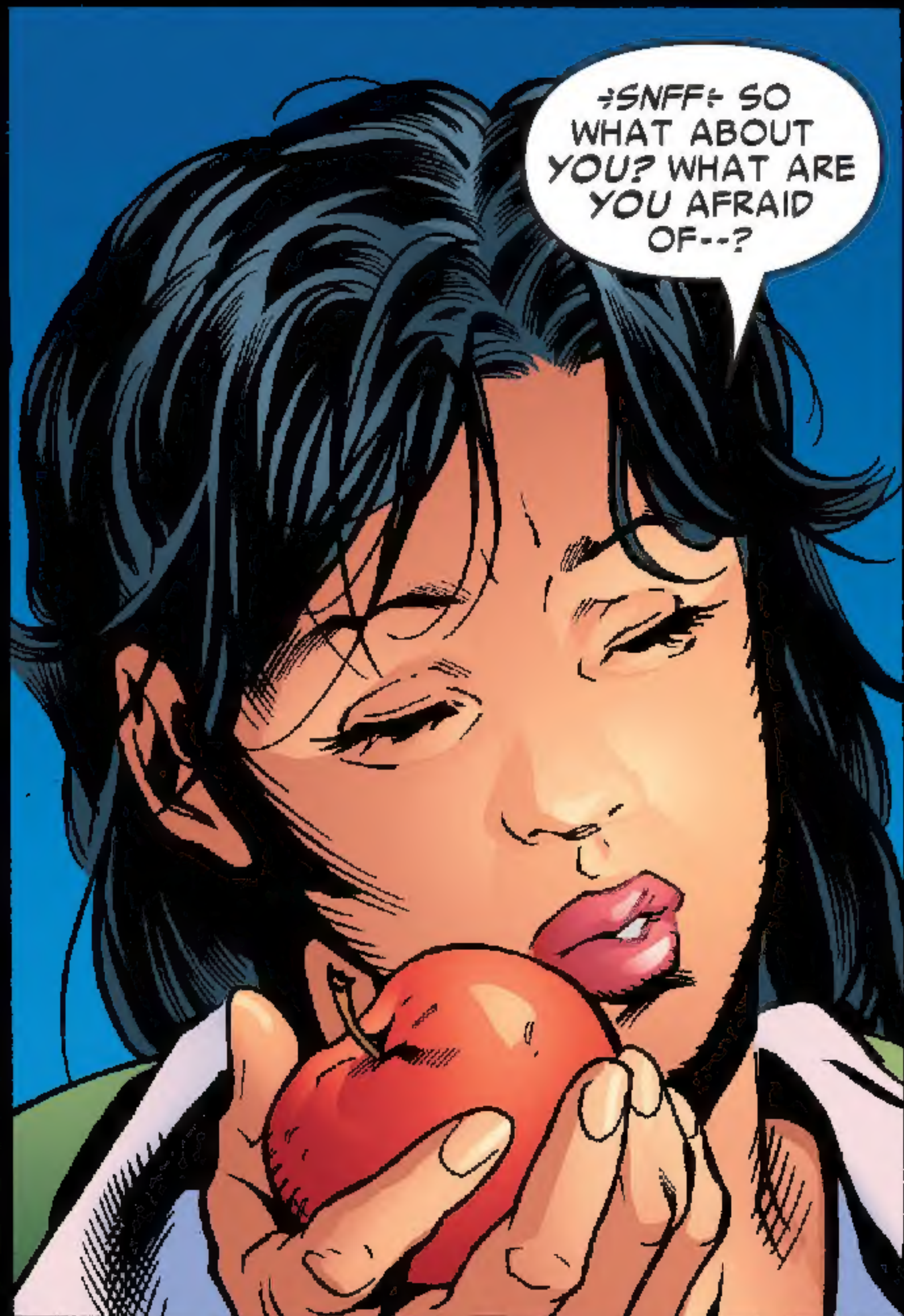
LOOK... I DON'T WANT AN EXCLUSIVE. I DON'T WANT TO NAME NAMES. I JUST WANT PEOPLE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING HERE--

YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A CONSPIRACY WHERE THERE *ISN'T* ONE. WHY DON'T YOU STICK TO WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ACT AND LEAVE ALL THE SECRETIVE STUFF TO THE EXPERTS?



AN' WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ACT, EXACTLY?

THE REGISTRATION ACT IS LIKE THAT FOREIGN CHEESE--STINKY AN' FULL OF HOLES. ASK ANY LAWYER. THEY'RE JUST AFRAID OF SOMEONE FINDING OUT--



+SNFF+ SO WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF--?





BEN, WE CAN'T EXACTLY GO AROUND CLAIMING OSBORN SIGHTINGS. THAT'S NOT THE STORY WE'RE TRYING TO TELL.

WHY NOT, IF IT'S TRUE?

BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE THE RESOURCES, URICH! YOU THINK I'M MADE OF MONEY?



IT WAS OSBORN, JONAH--I'D STAKE MY LIFE ON IT. HE FINAGLED HIS WAY OUT SOMEHOW.

MAYBE IT'S TIED INTO THE ACT--MAYBE HE SAW AN OPPORTUNITY HERE...I DON'T KNOW. BUT I KNOW WHAT I SAW. IT WAS HIM, AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON MY FACE!



AN' YOU'RE CERTAIN ABOUT THIS--?

CHIEF! WE JUST GOT WORD FROM IRON MAN'S PEOPLE: OSBORN'S RIGHT THERE IN THE SLAMMER...RIGHT WHERE HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE.

INDEPENDENT WITNESSES VERIFIED IT AN HOUR AGO. COULDN'T BE YOUR GUY.



NO! THAT CAN'T BE TRUE!

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK, URICH? I THINK THAT PLAIN-AS-DAY NOSE OF YOURS JUST GOT SMUGGED--



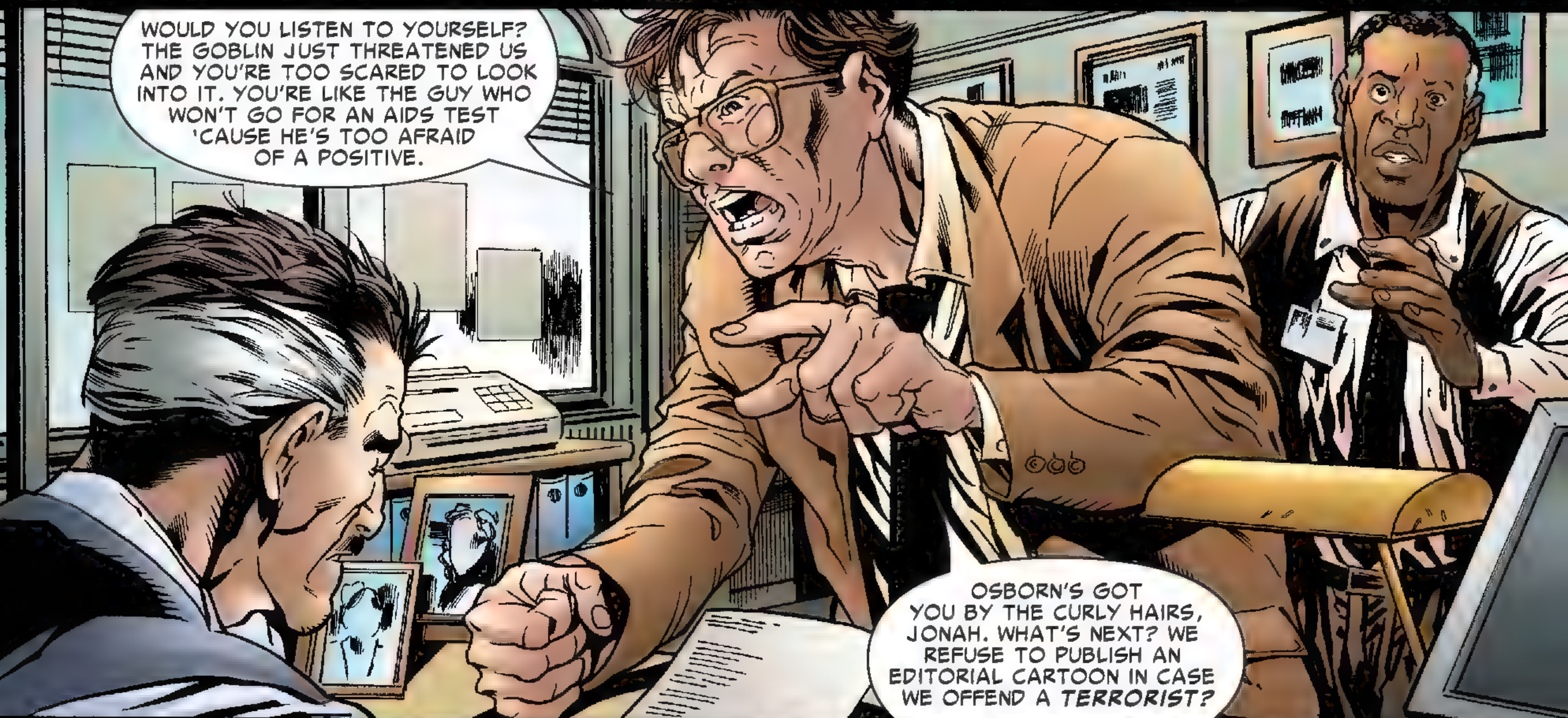
IF I WANTED ALIEN SIGHTINGS,
I WOULD'VE BOUGHT THE
WEEKLY WORLD NEWS.

HERE'S A
NOVEL CONCEPT:
LEAVE NOW AN' GO
DO THAT THING I
PAY YOU FOR.

DON'T DO
THIS TO ME,
JONAH. YOU
KNOW THIS IS
SOMETHING--



YEAH. A REALLY BAD JOKE. NOW GO AWAY
BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND AND HAVE
YOU KILLED.



WOULD YOU LISTEN TO YOURSELF?
THE GOBLIN JUST THREATENED US
AND YOU'RE TOO SCARED TO LOOK
INTO IT. YOU'RE LIKE THE GUY WHO
WON'T GO FOR AN AIDS TEST
'CAUSE HE'S TOO AFRAID
OF A POSITIVE.

OSBORN'S GOT
YOU BY THE CURLY HAIRS,
JONAH. WHAT'S NEXT? WE
REFUSE TO PUBLISH AN
EDITORIAL CARTOON IN CASE
WE OFFEND A TERRORIST?



ARE YOU
FINISHED,
URICH?

EHH...NO.
MAYBE. I
GUESS.



FINE. CLEAN OUT
YOUR DESK.

YOU'RE
FIRED.

THE
ALTERNATIVE
NEWS ROOM!

THIS IS PRETTY
AMAZING STUFF,
SALLY. CAN WE GET
VERIFICATION?

FROM WHO?
UNREGISTERED HEROES
AREN'T EXACTLY ADVERTISING
THEIR WHEREABOUTS AFTER
WHAT HAPPENED AT THEIR
MEETING, NEIL.

OKAY...YOU'RE
RIGHT. WE CAN
GO WITH IT.

JERRY...CAN
YOU GET THIS
INTO PREPRESS?
FRONT PAGE...
THROUGH LINE ON
PAGE FIVE.

NO
SWEAT.

SO D'YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW THIS
MYSTERIOUS CONTACT OF YOURS
KNEW ABOUT THE MEETING HIMSELF?
WAS HE THERE?

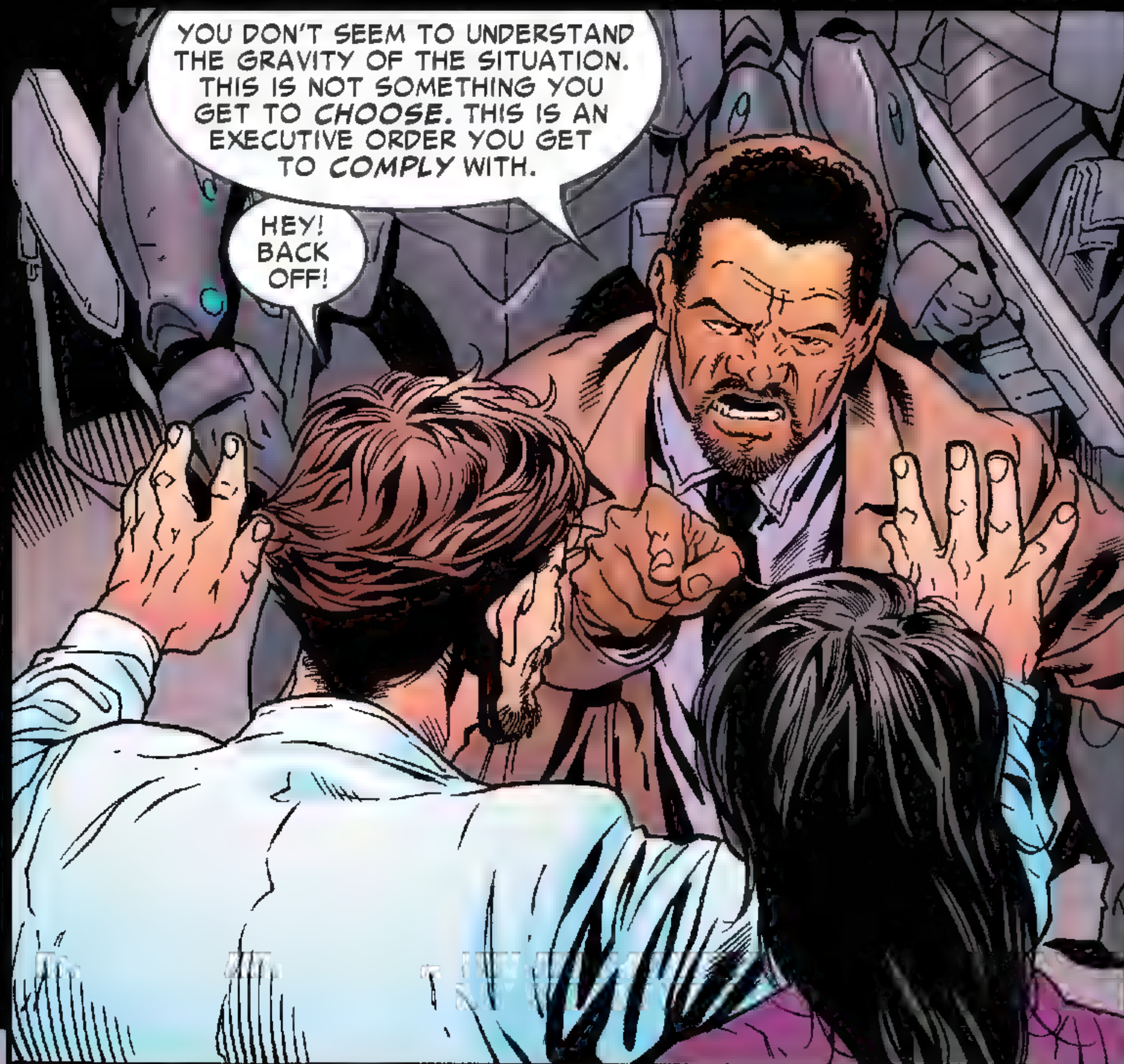
I FORGOT
TO ASK. I NEVER
GOT HELD UP WITH
A BANANA BEFORE.

FINE. LET'S JUST STICK
TO THE STORY. THE
REST WILL WORK
ITSELF OUT--

HEY! YOU
CAN'T GO IN
THERE!

WHERE
IS HE?





YOU DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION. THIS IS NOT SOMETHING YOU GET TO *CHOOSE*. THIS IS AN EXECUTIVE ORDER YOU GET TO *COMPLY* WITH.

HEY! BACK OFF!



FINE. HAVE IT YOUR WAY. I GAVE YOU YOUR CHANCE.

PUT YOUR HANDS OUT, BOTH OF YOU--WRISTS TOGETHER, PALMS UP.

SALLY FLOYD AND NEIL CRAWFORD... YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT TERRORIST ACTS AND HARBORING THE IDENTITY OF AN UNREGISTERED COMBATANT.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. ANYTHING YOU DO SAY MAY BE HELD AGAINST YOU IN A COURT OF LAW. YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO AN ATTORNEY...



TO BE CONTINUED...

PRISONER
OUT!

ALL PRISON
STAFF BE
ADVISED: PRISONER
EXITING THE MAIN
FORECOURT!

ATTENT

IM WM H WM
WM WM IM WM
WM WM I WM
M H WM WM H
WM WM WM

THE ACCUSED PART FIVE

PAUL
JENKINS
WRITER

STEVE
LIEBER
ARTIST

JUNE
CHUNG
COLORIST

VC'S RANDY
GENTILE
LETTERER

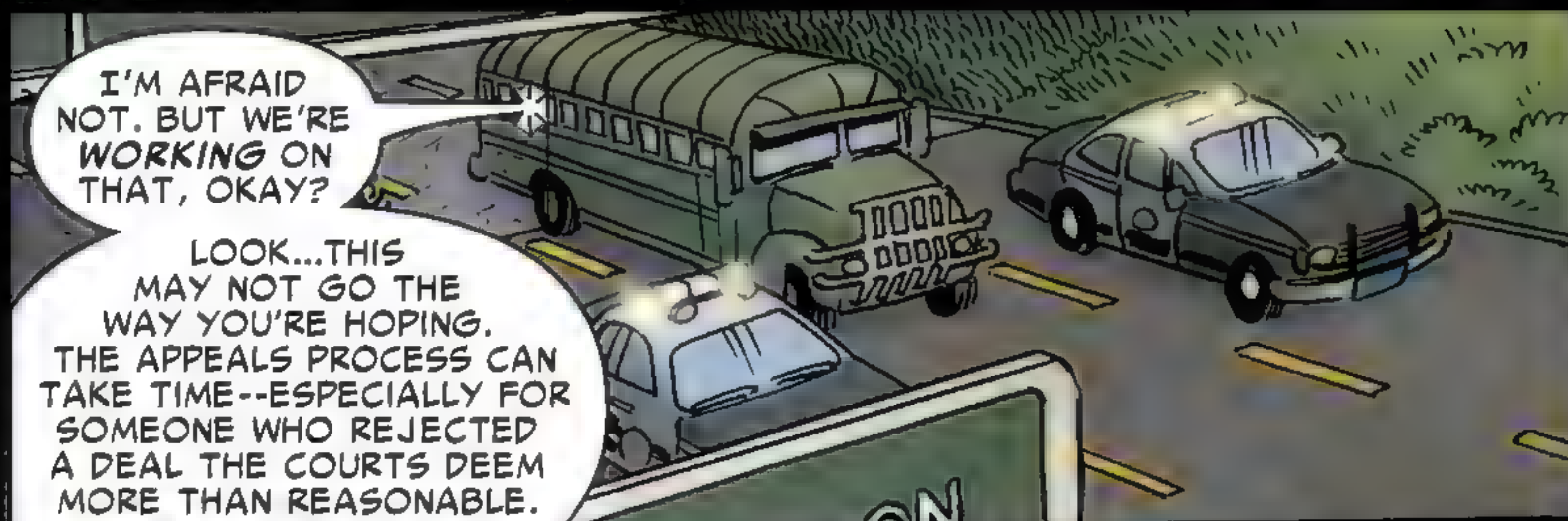
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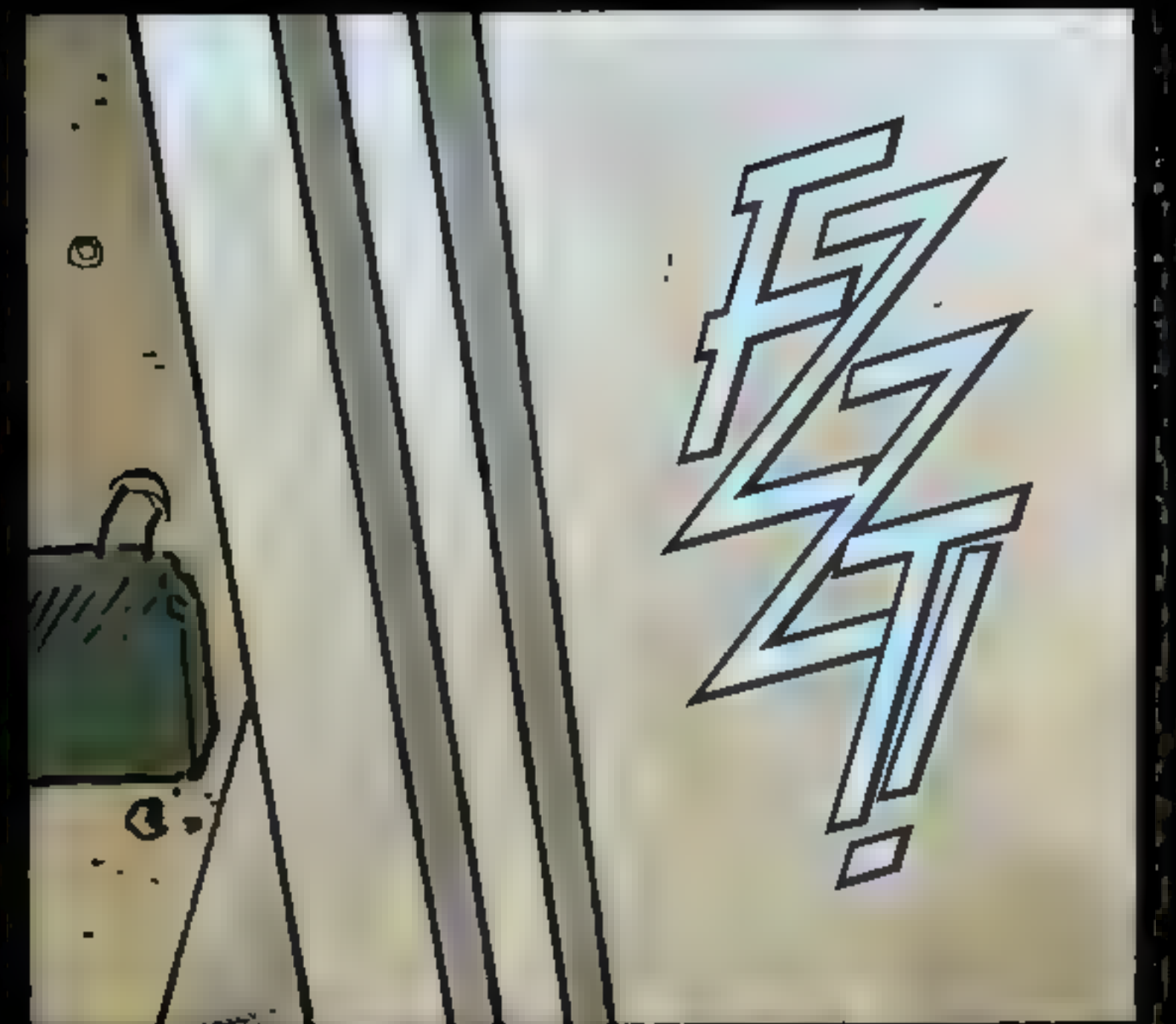
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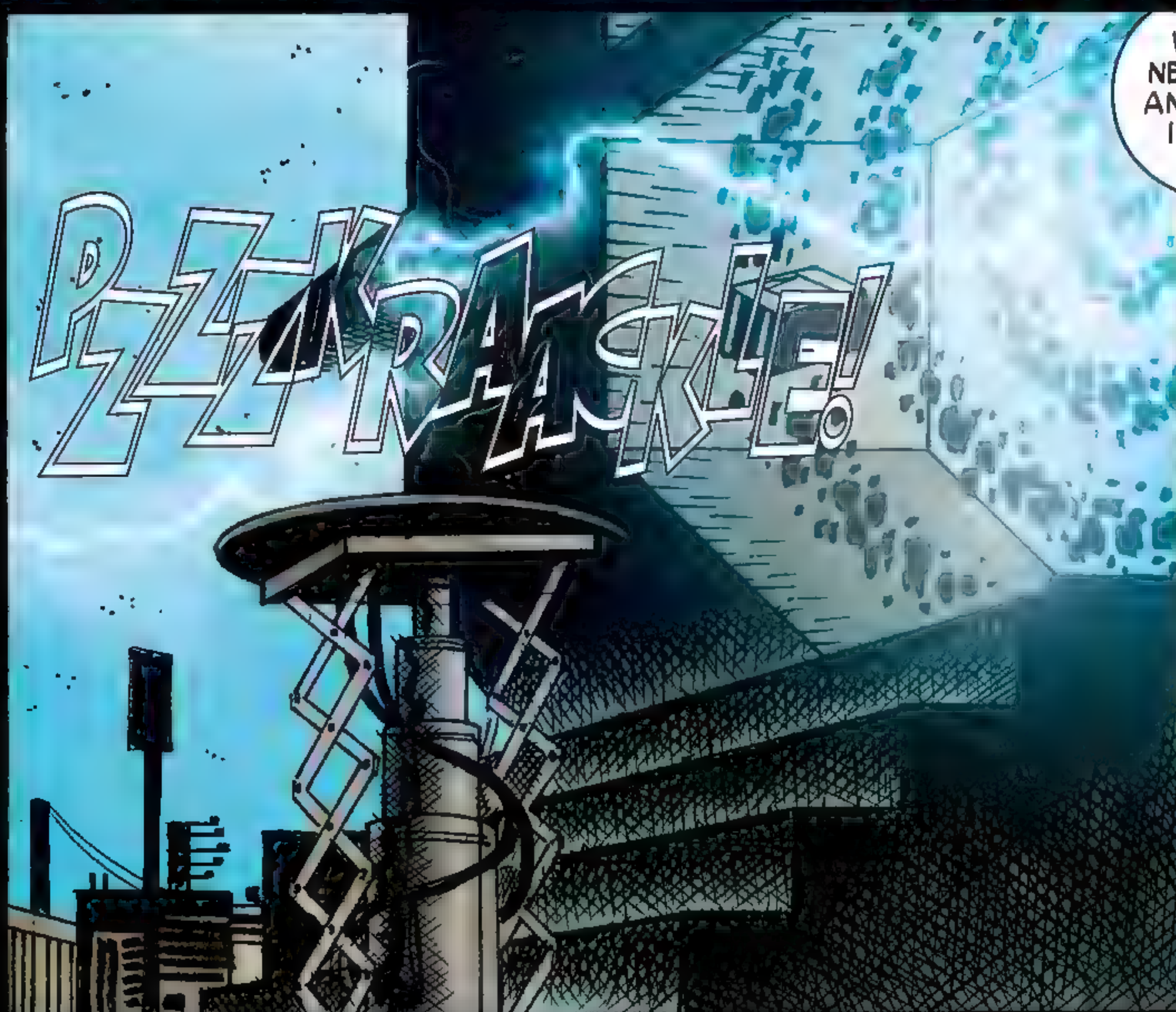






SO...WHO KNOWS ANY GOOD JOKES? DUDE...YOU LOOK LIKE YOU KNOW A FEW RIB-TICKLERS.

"I JUST FLEW IN FROM ANCIENT EGYPT, AND BOY, ARE MY ARMS TIRED!"



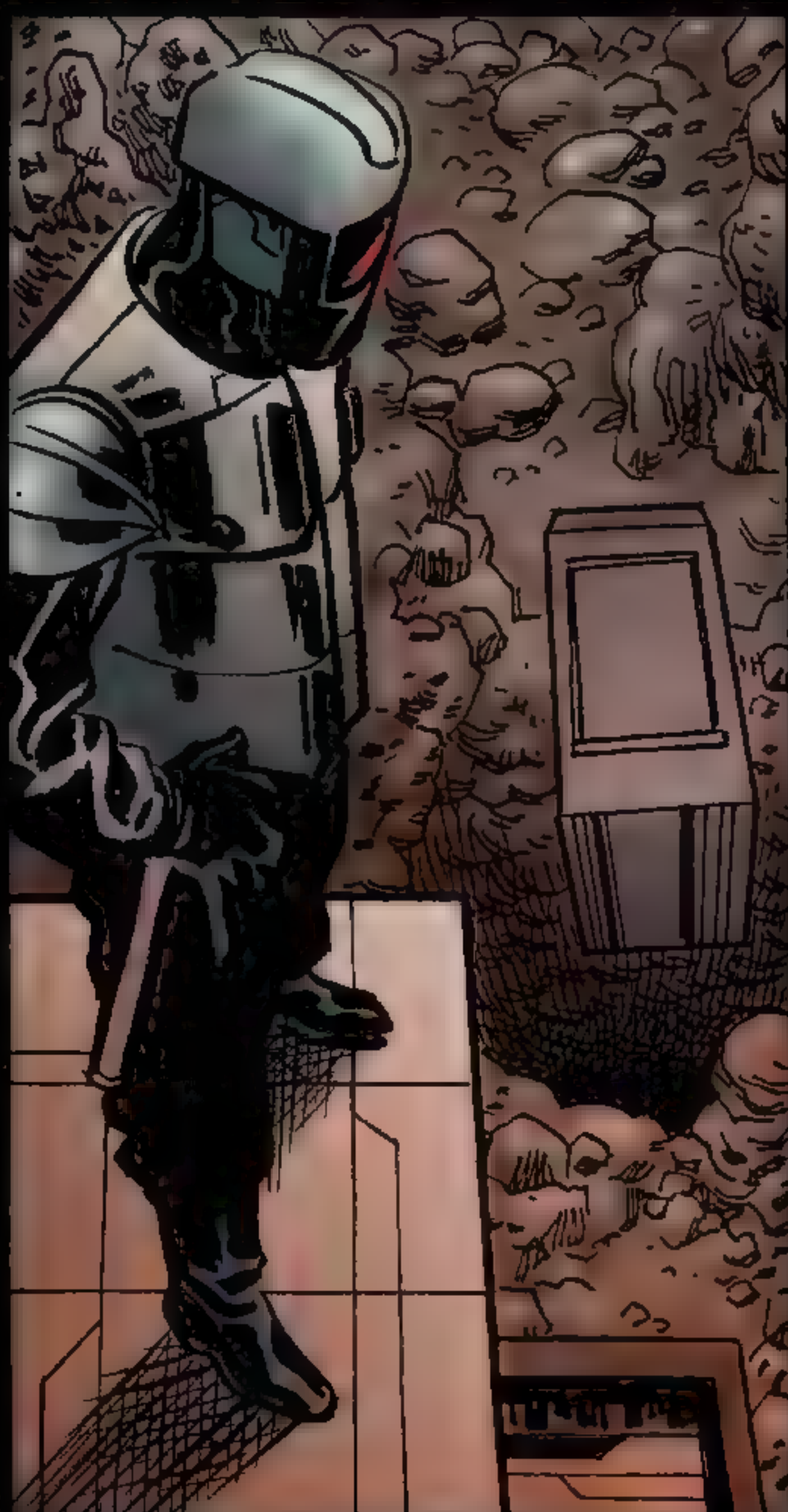
WHERE IS THE NEGATIVE ZONE, ANYWAY? I HOPE IT'S NOT NEAR CLEVELAND.

IT'S NOT NEAR ANYTHING. IT MAY NOT EVEN BE A PLACE, IN THE TRUEST SENSE OF THE WORD.

IT'S MORE LIKE A STATE OF BEING. VERY APROPOS.



WELL, IT CAN'T BE ANY WORSE THAN CLEVELAND...THAT'S ALL I'M SAYING...



MAN...IT'S LIKE THIS WHOLE SYSTEM IS AUTOMATED. WHY D'YOU THINK THEY'D ENTRUST ALL THESE PEOPLE TO ROBOTS?

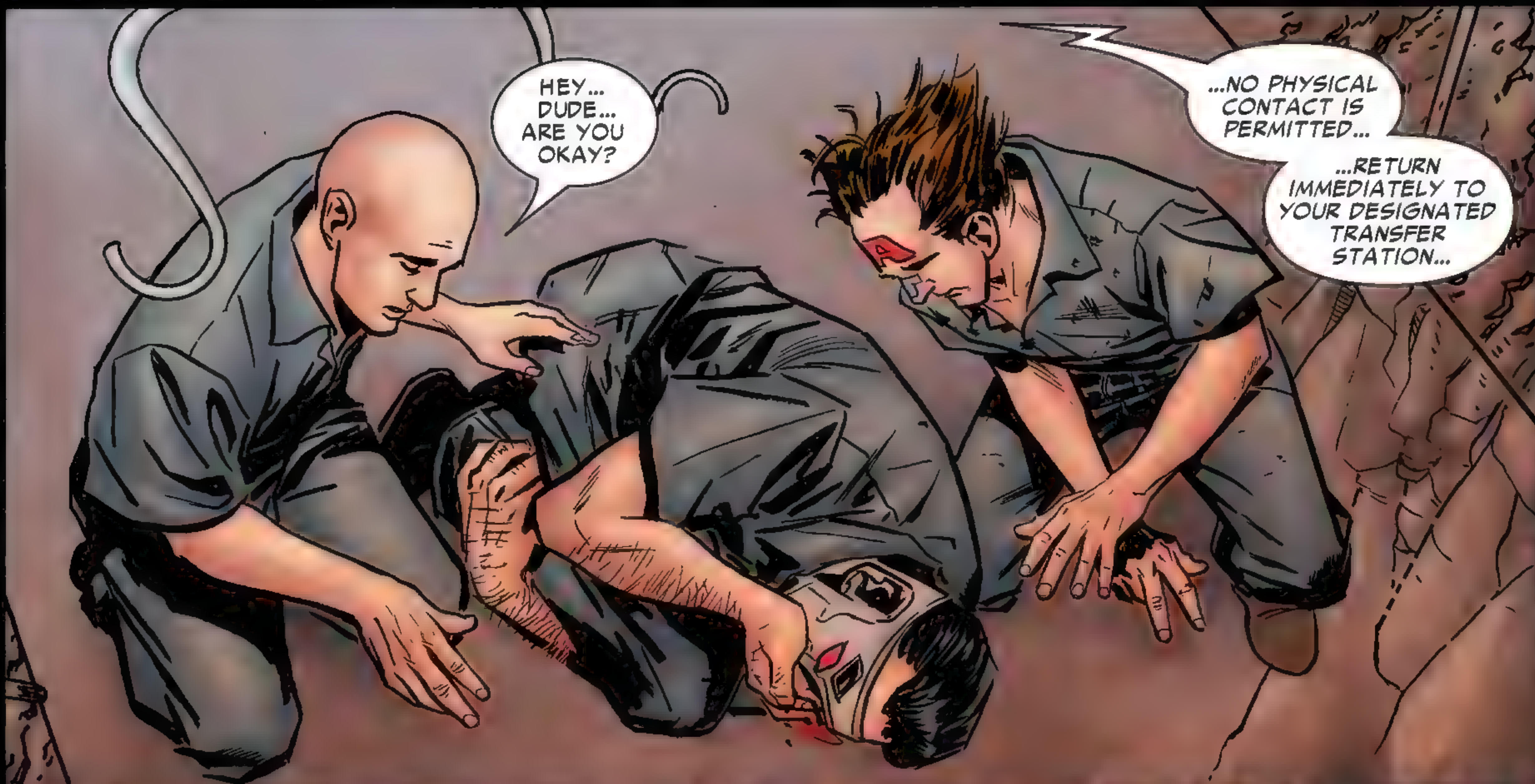
BECAUSE THE NEGATIVE ZONE DOES THAT TO SOME PEOPLE.

DOES WHAT?



I CAN'T BE HERE.

I'M GOING TO DIE BEFORE I SEE MYSELF AGAIN.

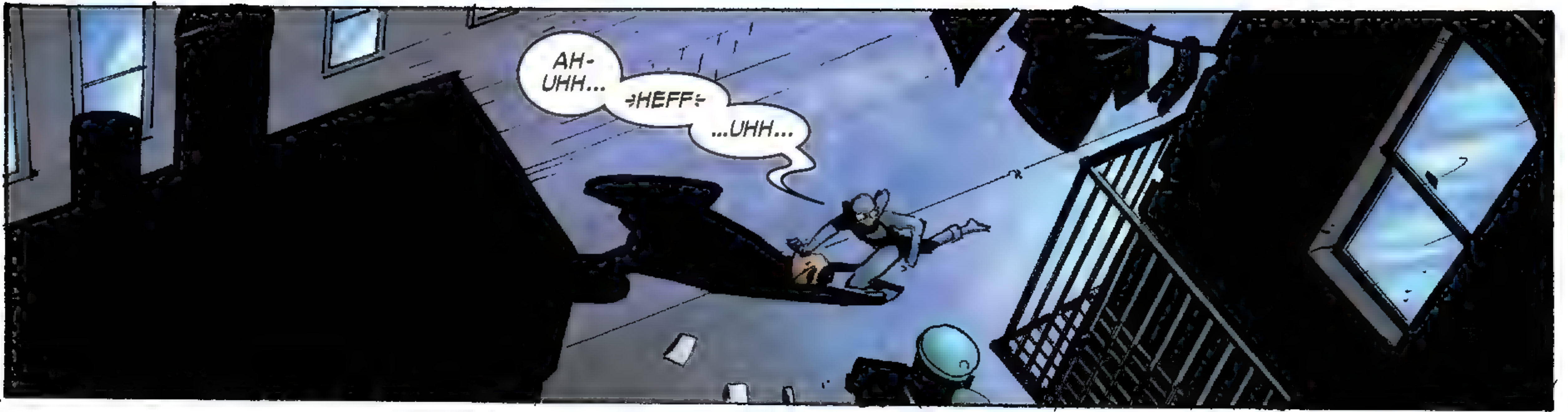


I AM TOLD WE
HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED
TO NEGATIVE ZONE
PRISON ALPHA, ROBBIE. A
SOMEWHAT UNREMARKABLE
DESIGNATION, GIVEN THE
MARVEL OF ENGINEERING
IT REPRESENTS.

BUT
ALPHABETICALLY
ACCURATE...FOR IT IS
THE FIRST AND ONLY OF
ITS KIND. THE INMATES
HAVE A *BETTER*
NAME FOR IT.

THEY CALL
IT FANTASY
ISLAND.

TO BE
CONTINUED...



SLEEPER CELL

PART THREE

PAUL JENKINS
WRITER

LEE WEEKS
PENCILER

SANDU
FLOREA
FINISHER

SOTOCOLOR'S
J. BROWN
COLORIST

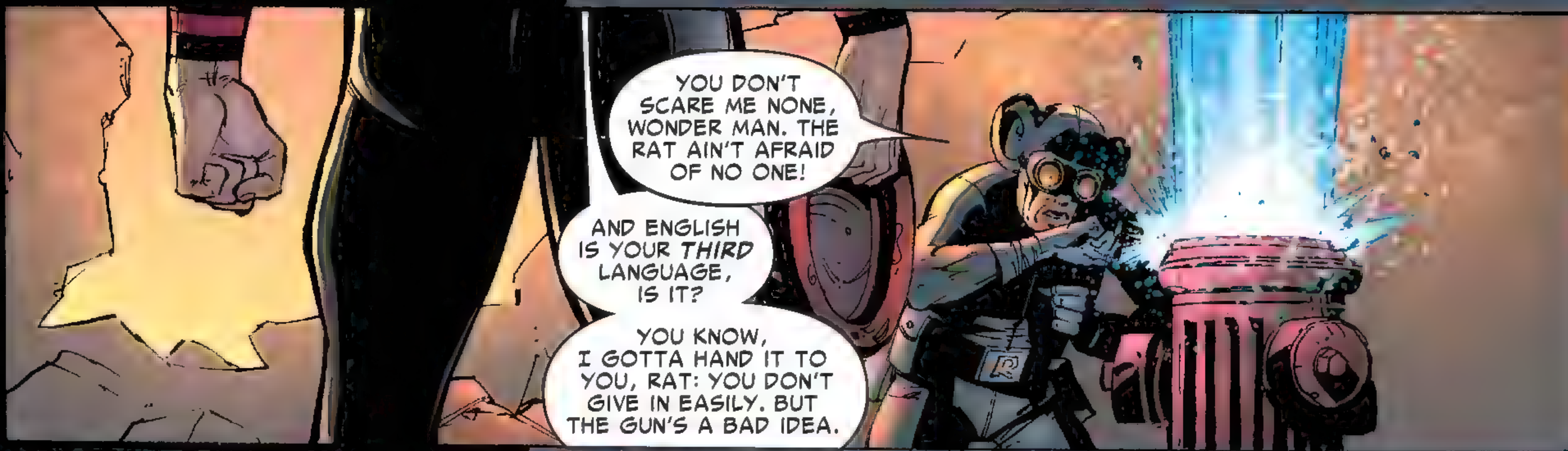
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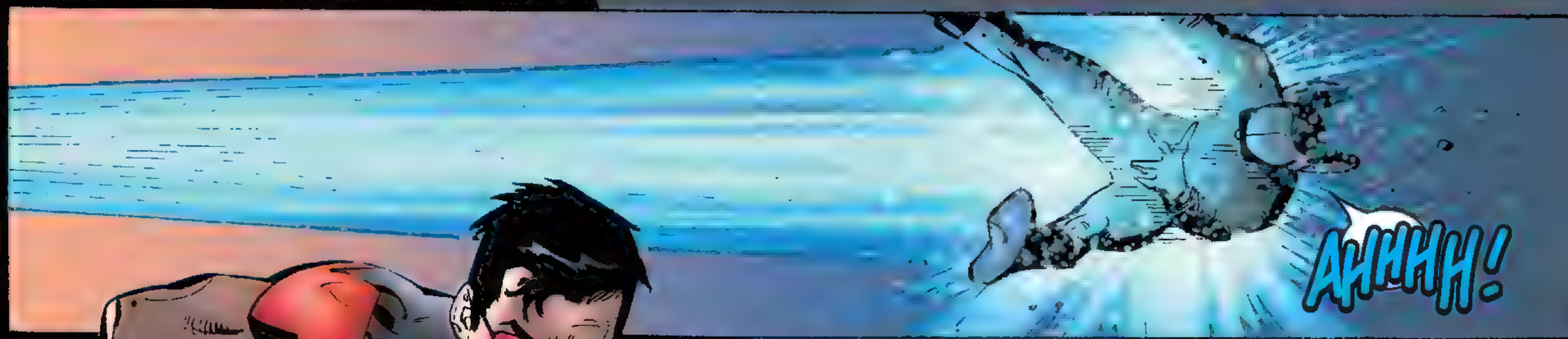
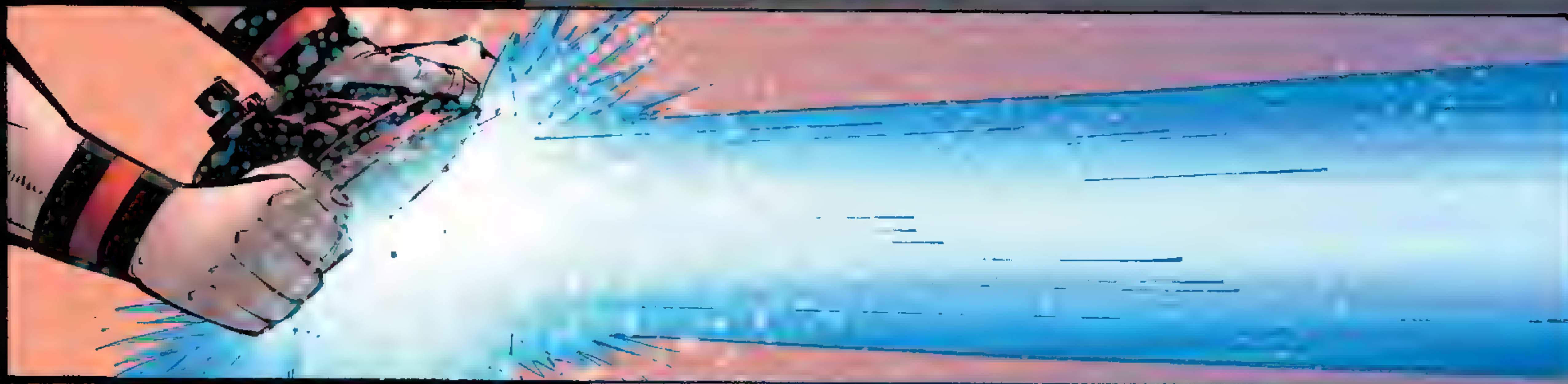
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YOU DON'T
SCARE ME NONE,
WONDER MAN. THE
RAT AIN'T AFRAID
OF NO ONE!

AND ENGLISH
IS YOUR *THIRD*
LANGUAGE,
IS IT?

YOU KNOW,
I GOTTA HAND IT TO
YOU, RAT: YOU DON'T
GIVE IN EASILY. BUT
THE GUN'S A BAD IDEA.



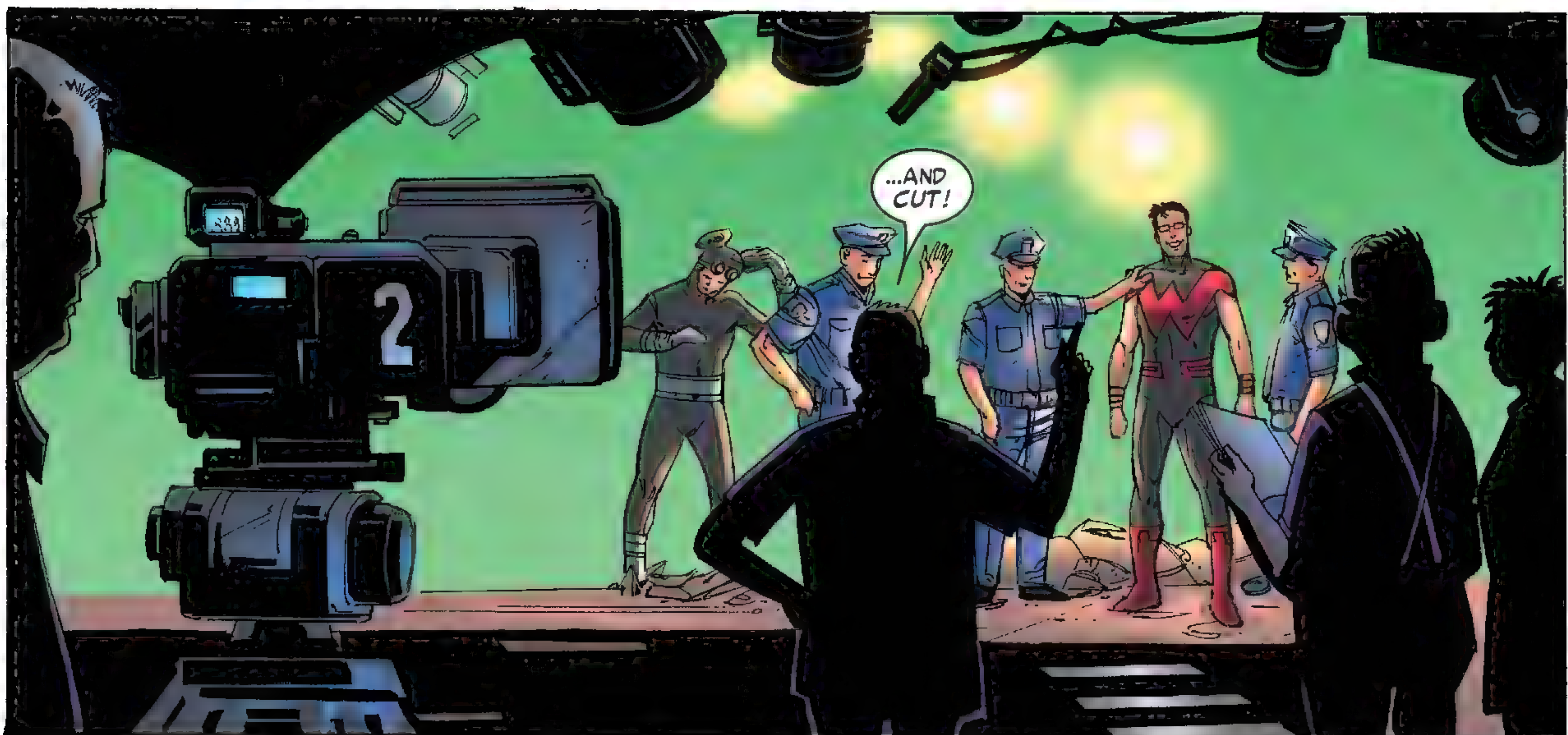
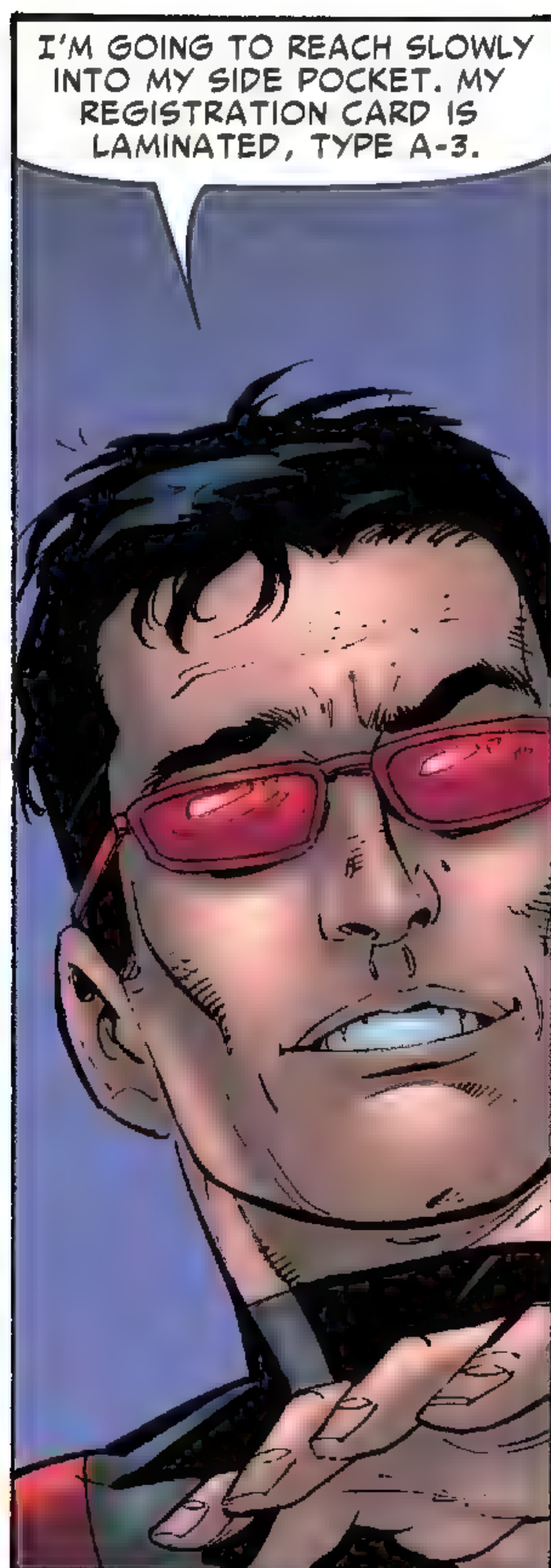
AAAAHHH!

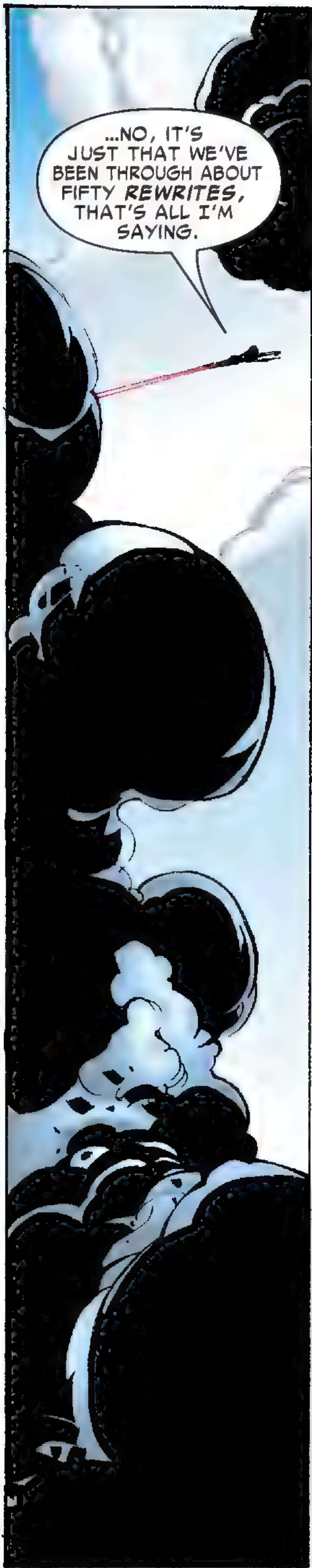


NOW I
DON'T PLAY
SO NICE.



NYPD! GET
YOUR HANDS
IN THE AIR...
NOW!





...NO, IT'S JUST THAT WE'VE BEEN THROUGH ABOUT FIFTY *REWRITES*, THAT'S ALL I'M SAYING.

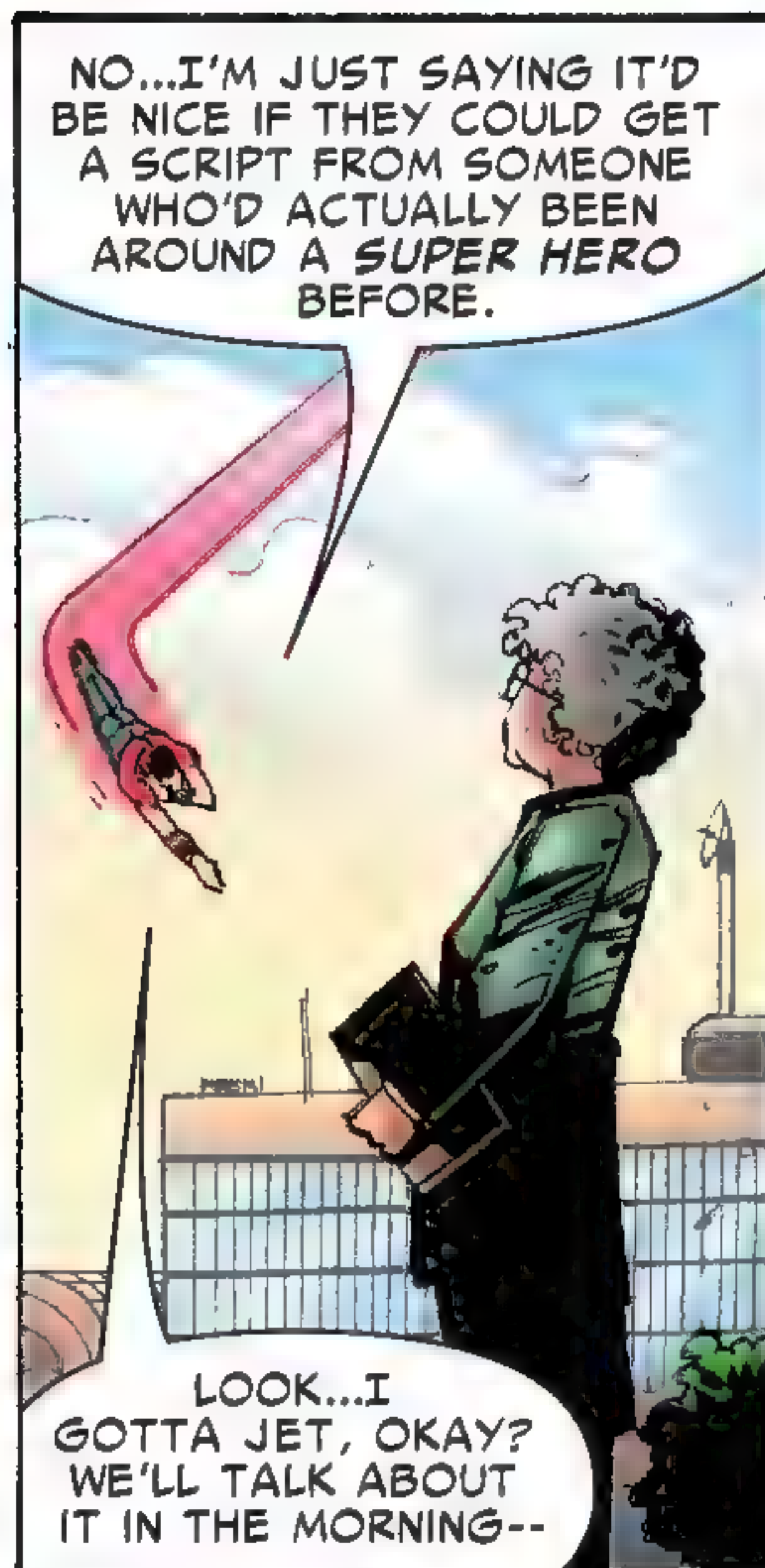


I KNOW WE'RE DOING THIS AS AN INFORMATION SPOT, BUT IT'S ALSO SUPPOSED TO BE AN ACTION PIECE. I MEAN, "NOW I DON'T PLAY SO NICE"? WHO *WRITES* THIS CRAP?



WELL, IT'S JUST NOT *REALISTIC*, NEIL. I'D NEVER INTERACT WITH A LOW-LEVEL GUY LIKE THIS RAT CHARACTER. I'M TOO POWERFUL.

WARDROBE HAD HIM DECKED OUT LIKE SOME VILLAIN FROM A "KEystone KOPS" MOVIE. I MEAN, THEY PRETTY MUCH GAVE HIM A BAG TO CARRY WITH "LOOT" WRITTEN ON THE SIDE!



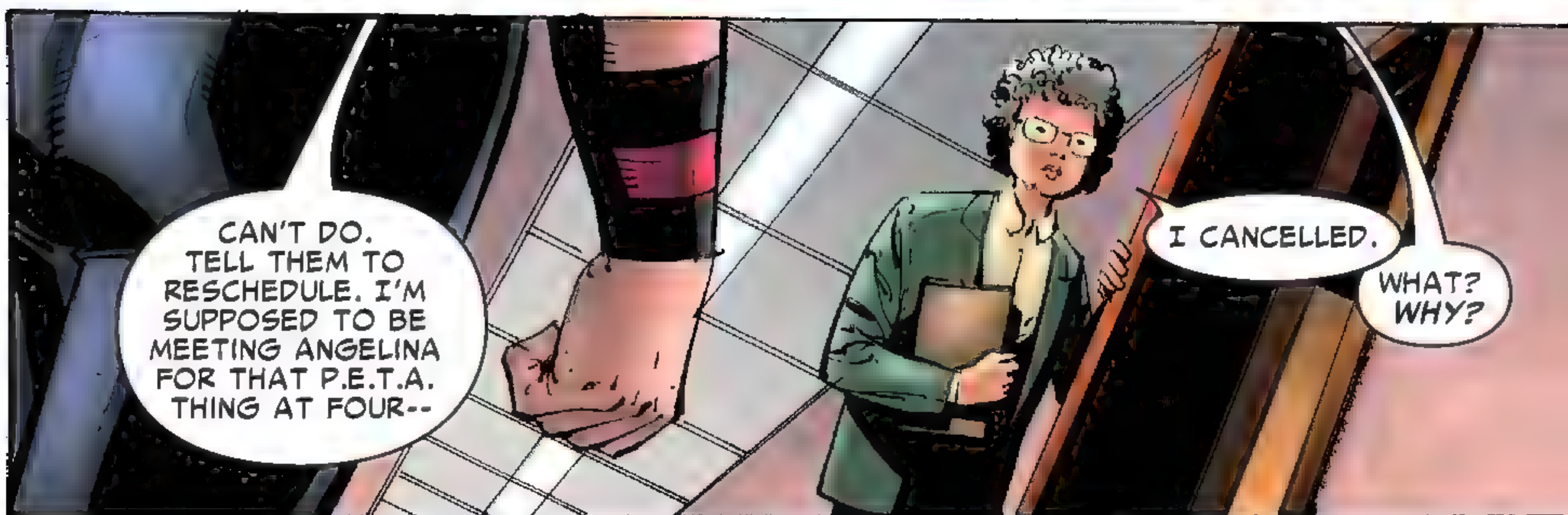
NO...I'M JUST SAYING IT'D BE NICE IF THEY COULD GET A SCRIPT FROM SOMEONE WHO'D ACTUALLY BEEN AROUND A *SUPER HERO* BEFORE.

LOOK...I GOTTA JET, OKAY? WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT IN THE MORNING--



SOMETHING WRONG, JILL?

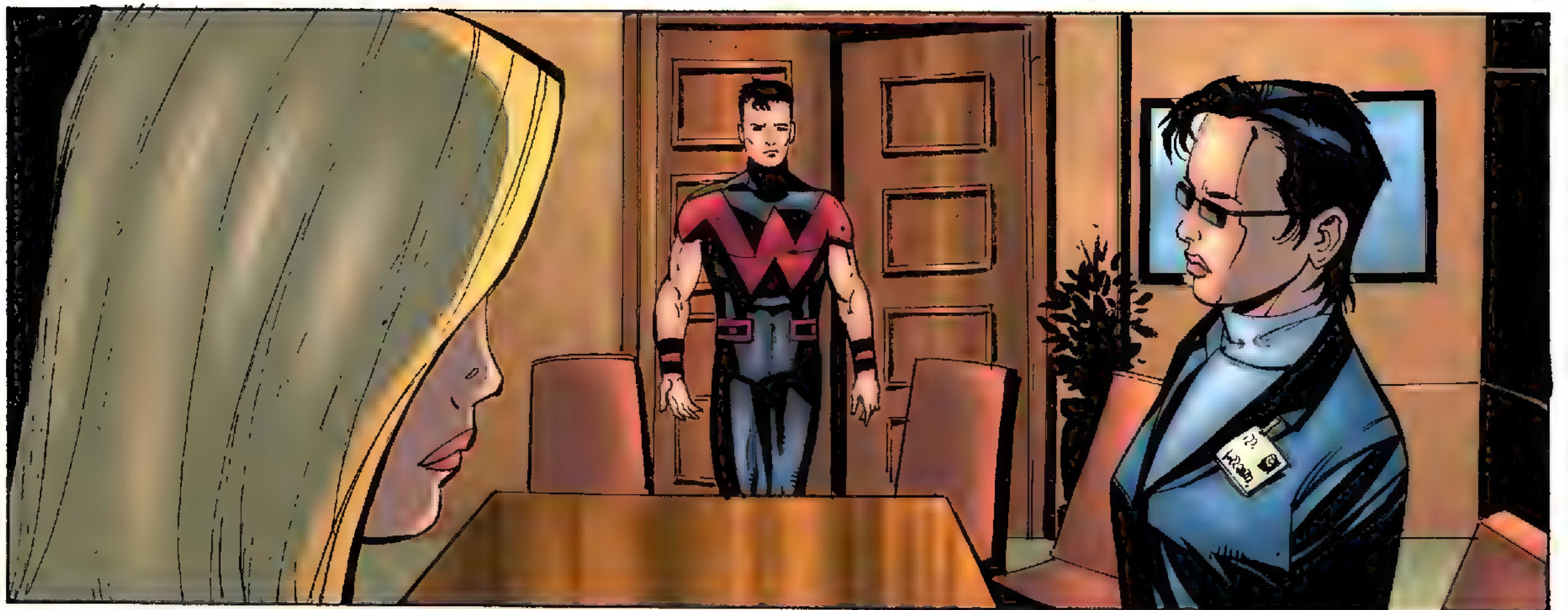
THE USUAL. THE MAYOR'S OFFICE WANTS A CONFERENCE CALL TOMORROW AT NOON. AND YOU HAVE SOME VISITORS.

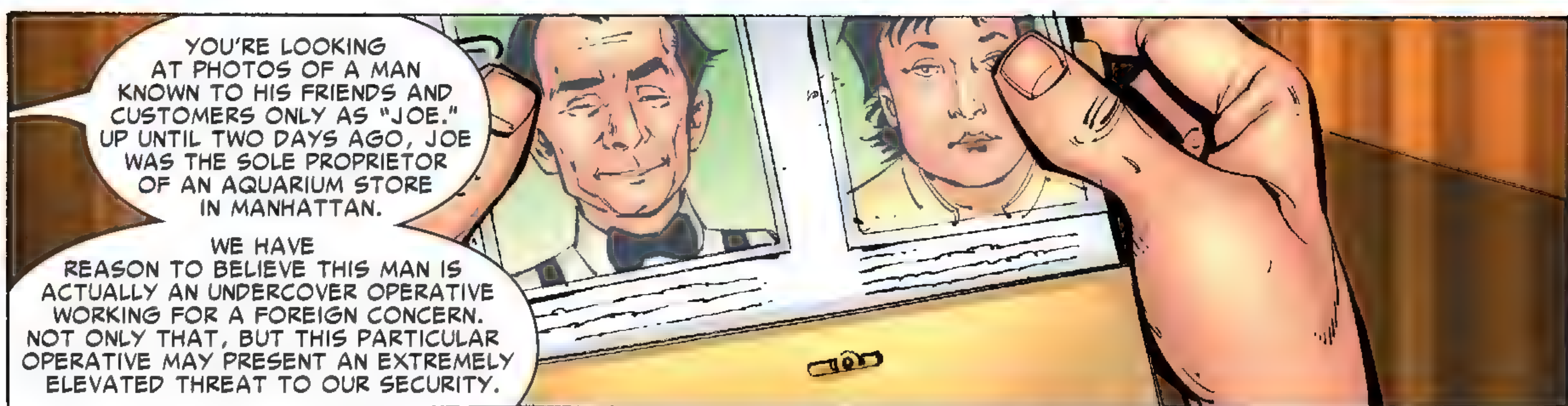
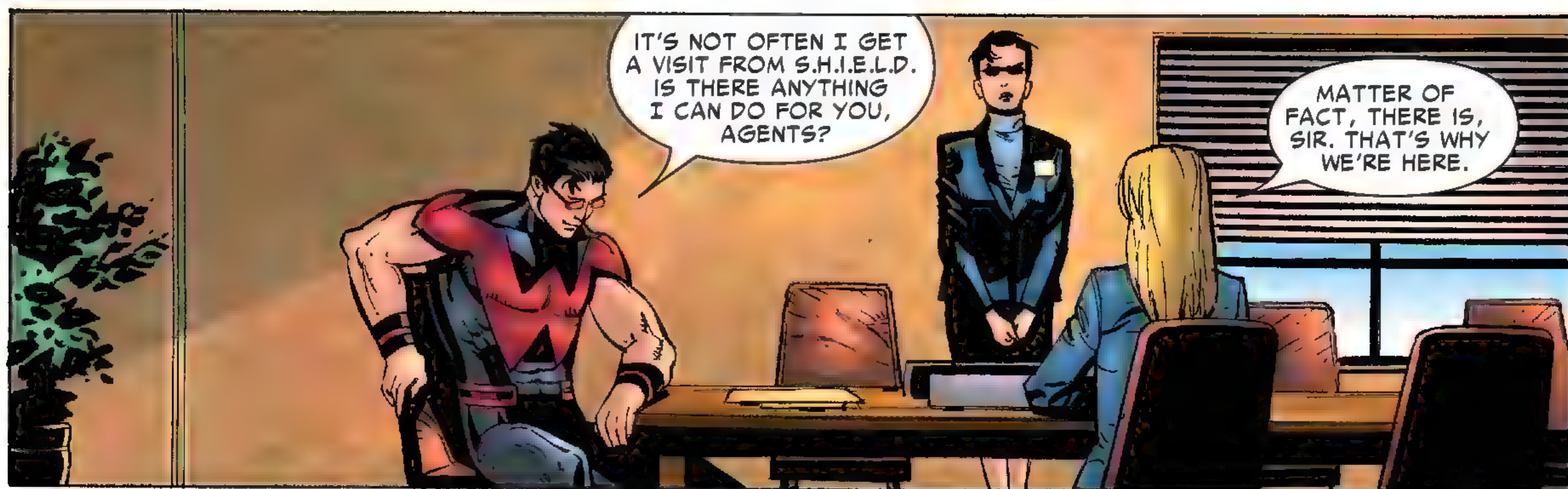


CAN'T DO. TELL THEM TO RESCHEDULE. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE MEETING ANGELINA FOR THAT P.E.T.A. THING AT FOUR--

I CANCELLED.

WHAT? WHY?





WELL...I'M
FLATTERED. BUT
I'M SURE THERE
ARE OTHERS FAR
MORE QUALIFIED
THAN I--

ALL OTHERWISE
OCCUPIED. WHICH
IS WHY WE'RE
HERE.

WHAT KIND OF THREW ME WHEN WE
CHECKED OUT YOUR FILE, SIR, WAS
HOW YOU DYED YOUR HAIR. I MEAN,
I SAW A COUPLE OF YOUR FILMS--
NOTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT,
IF YOU DON'T MIND ME
SAYING--

--BUT I NEVER
FIGURED YOU AS ONE
TO DYE THEIR HAIR. IT
WAS WEIRD WHEN I SAW
IT IN THE FILE.

AND WHAT OTHER
"INFORMATION" DID
YOU FIND ON ME
IN YOUR FILE?

PRETTY STANDARD STUFF, MOSTLY.
NAME, ADDRESS, SOCIAL...STUFF
LIKE THAT. THERE WERE A FEW
DISCREPANCIES IN THE TAX
RECORDS OF YOUR SECOND
CHANCES FOUNDATION. THAT
CONCERNED US.

I'LL BET IT DID. AND WHEN DID
YOU GET THE IDEA TO USE THESE
"DISCREPANCIES" TO BLACKMAIL
ME INTO WORKING FOR
YOU?

WE'RE NOT BLACKMAILING YOU,
SIR. THERE'S A LOT OF UNFINISHED
BUSINESS FROM EVERYONE'S PRE-
REGISTRATION DAYS. WE'RE JUST
TRYING TO HELP CLEAN IT
UP, IS ALL.

YOU'RE TALKING TEN
TO FIFTEEN FOR EACH COUNT
OF EMBEZZLEMENT THAT REMAINS
UNACCOUNTED FOR. WE'RE WILLING
TO SAY GOODBYE TO THAT FILE,
AND IN RETURN WE'RE ASKING
FOR YOUR HELP.

SO IT'S NOT
STRICTLY BLACKMAIL
IF YOUR SUPERIORS
AUTHORIZED IT?

NO...IT'S CALLED "COOPERATION."
WE DIDN'T MAKE THE ACT. WE
JUST WORK BY THE RULES.

DON'T PLAY
DUMB WITH ME.
YOU KNOW DAMN
WELL I DIDN'T
SIGN UP FOR A DRAFT--

READ THE
FINE PRINT,
SIR. THAT'S EXACTLY
WHAT YOU SIGNED
UP FOR.



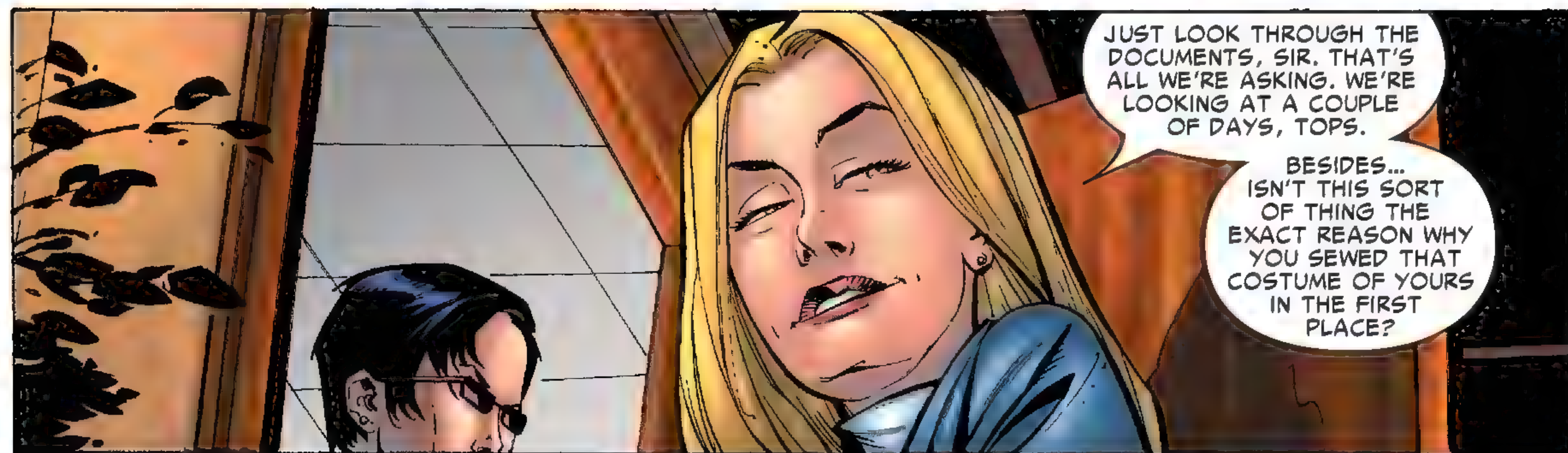
JUST READ THROUGH THE DOSSIER, MISTER WILLIAMS. YOU'LL NEED TO KEEP THIS ATTACHED FOR THE DURATION OF THE MISSION. WE'LL BRIEF YOU FULLY AFTER YOU'VE DIGESTED ALL THE MATERIAL.

AND WHAT IF I DON'T AGREE TO THIS?



THEN YOU'RE FREE TO WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN, SIR.

IN THE MEANTIME, WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW NIGHT AFTER YOUR P.E.T.A. BANQUET TO COORDINATE THE DETAILS.



JUST LOOK THROUGH THE DOCUMENTS, SIR. THAT'S ALL WE'RE ASKING. WE'RE LOOKING AT A COUPLE OF DAYS, TOPS.

BESIDES... ISN'T THIS SORT OF THING THE EXACT REASON WHY YOU SEWED THAT COSTUME OF YOURS IN THE FIRST PLACE?



WELL, THAT'S JUST GREAT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

The Battle of Secessionville was fought near Charleston, South Carolina on June 16, 1862. It was the North's first major effort to take Charleston. During this battle, two brothers named James and Alexander Campbell fought on opposite sides--James as a Lieutenant in the Confederate army and Alexander as a Color Sergeant in the 79th Highlander Regiment. The brothers only later learned that they had fought directly against each other at Secessionville. The Charleston Courier called the two brothers "another illustration of the deplorable consequences of this fratricidal war."

PAUL JENKINS WRITER	ROY ALLEN MARTINEZ ARTIST	SOTOCOLOR'S A. CROSSLEY COLORS	VC'S GENT LETTERS	LAZER & SITTERSON ASST. EDITORS	TOM BREVOORT EDITOR	JOE QUESADA CHIEF	DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
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